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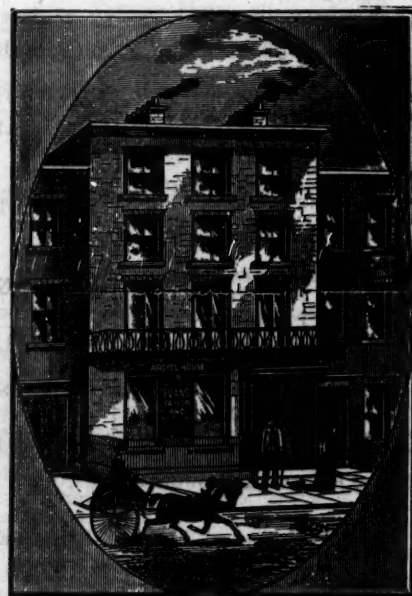
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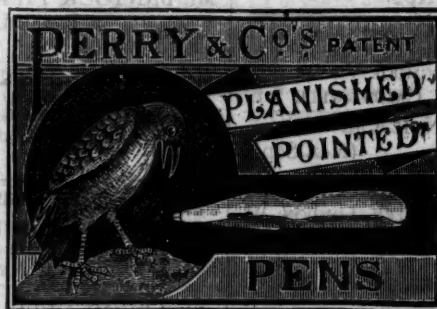
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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1887.

THE NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE twenty-second Triennial Musical Festival, to be held next week, has the advantage of possessing at least one distinct feature of interest, in offering to our public examples of modern Italian sacred music. It can never be forgotten that Italy gave to the world the imperishable church music of Palestrina, Marcello, and Allegri; hence the compositions of similar character, written by musicians who now take the place of those great masters in contemporary Italy, deserve serious attention. Our amateurs who are sufficiently familiar with the works of Rossini, Donizetti, Verdi, and other composers of Italian opera, have little or no opportunity of studying the other important development of music in Italy, owing to the indifference and neglect of this phase of modern art on the part of caterers for the entertainment of a musical public. That Signor Randegger, as the Festival conductor, has used his influence to cause modern Italian sacred works to gain a hearing in this country, may perhaps be made the subject of reproach by the so-called national party. Such objectors should remember that England exercises, with pardonable pride, very broad and liberal views in artistic as well as in other matters. When works of equal merit are obtainable by native and foreign composers, naturally that of the native composer will be preferred—so much must be conceded to patriotism; but the day when prejudice will be allowed to blind our eyes to the excellencies in the art-work of another nation, will be a day of shame to English musicians.

The question of national interest apart, the programme of the Norwich Festival promises in Signor Luigi Mancinelli's sacred cantata *Isaias* a work of marked individuality. Though the piano score has recently been published (in a very handsome edition by Messrs, Chappell), we refrain on principle from going into any criticism of the cantata before its production, and will say no more than that every musician will be highly interested in the work,

A noteworthy detail in the history of musical festivals will be the introduction of new blood among the solo singers to be heard at Norwich next week. Besides the services of Madame Albani, Miss Annie Marriott, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and other more or less well-tried and perfect interpreters of oratorio, we notice names of singers well and favourably known in the concert-room, but hitherto inexperienced in oratorio and festival performances. Foremost among these are Miss Liza Lehmann and Miss Lena Little, Mr. Charles Wade, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and Mr. Alec Marsh.

MILITARY BANDS.

BY AN OFFICER.

A CONTEMPORARY publishes an indignant protest from a military bandsman against the forthcoming visit to this country of a regimental band of the Prussian Guards. It is the apparently old Ephesian cry of "The craft is in danger." But we imagine that the British public, who have to pay the piper, and who have learned to believe in free trade in Art, will be disposed to welcome an event that, by exhibiting among us a high standard of excellence and thus provoking a spirit of emulation, may possibly tend to the much-needed amelioration of the military bands to which, alas, they have to listen.

Bad as our average Line bands are, they would be ten times worse but for foreign examples of successful military musicians—examples which, thanks mainly to South Kensington, have of late been forced upon their somewhat reluctant notice.

The sparkling dash and brilliancy of French and Belgian reeds, and the inimitably mellow smoothness of the Germans' brass, have already left their mark upon the music of more than one British regiment. In Germany there is just as much deep musical feeling among the "masses" as among the "classes." But in our more prosaic island there exists, except only in "gallant little Wales," very little native refinement of taste among the masses whence we recruit our bands: whence comes the raw material ultimately worked up—so to say, ground and hammered—mechanically and artificially, in'o bandmasters at Kneller Hall, since the time-honoured system of importing genuine heaven-born musicians from abroad has been discontinued. Exceptions like the Godfreys serve but to prove the rule; and they, be it remembered, obtained their exceptional successes by means of exceptional resources.

What can be done by a true artist with exceptionally inadequate resources was strikingly exemplified on board H.M.S. *Superb* during her last commission. Besides the ship's music, a charming little private string band under the leadership of a very clever Italian, was kept up by the officers. To listen to their performances during the balmy Southern evenings was a treat such as can rarely be enjoyed afloat.

For the solecisms into which British clodhopper instinct—or the lack thereof—may betray us, it will suffice to instance the not infrequent use (or abuse) as a quickstep of Mrs. Norton's *Juanita*, transmogrified into common time, and, as a matter of course, every accent hopelessly misplaced. The fact is, we attempt to combine two almost incompatible standards, with the usual result of making a horrible mess of both. It is next to impossible to have a band equally efficient for parade work and the ballroom. We may put the concert-room altogether out of the question. The difficulty might, perhaps, have solved itself (after a fashion) ere this but for the virtual abandonment of Lord Wolseley's short-service crot-

chets. During the—fortunately brief—duration of that system it was not uncommon to see a regiment on the march with more bandmen than duty soldiers. More than one instance is on record, and within our personal recollection, of a company handing in a parade state of three officers and two rank and file.

But now that we appear to have recanted this heresy, and are returning to the cosmopolitan faith in "big battalions," noise is a necessity on the march. Englishmen cannot keep step and time, as we have seen a Zulu battalion do, without music of any kind; and the necessary noise can only be supplied either by brass, or by going in, like the French, for liberal development of the drums. Some quarter of a century ago the 25th Regiment, whose band was at that time charmingly soft and delicate, introduced with great success the use of the Glockenspiel for marching purposes; but this very effective instrument seems of late years to have gone out of fashion.

Brass basses are of course out of the question in a ball-room; but then it is notorious that until quite recently, the use of the string basses and 'cellos without which the modern valse is simply impossible, was strongly discountenanced in the highest quarters; and these instruments have never been cordially accepted by the military authorities.

The first step towards a serious improvement in our regimental music must be an improvement in the social status of our bandmasters. Foreign armies have long since recognised the justice and the expediency of treating artists as gentlemen, and as fit to associate on equal terms with other gentlemen. Their bandmasters are commissioned officers; and, until our authorities see fit to extend—gradually, of necessity—the precedent of which Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, Grenadier Guards, is such a worthy and distinguished exemplar, we cannot hope to be served by men possessed of the cultivated refinement of taste that is indispensable for the production by our military bands of music in contradistinction to noise.

HALFDAN KJERULF.

BY HENRIK SUNDT.

(Continued from page 770.)

Like Grieg, after him, he deeply felt the want of congenial friends, and he found few. One of them was Welhaven, whose noted poem, "Dawn of Norway," is significant enough of the period. Cosmopolitan in their tastes, and critically inclined, they were both likely to agree in opposing the radical outburst of "Norse worship," which found a voice in the brilliant but incoherently-constructed poems of Wergeland. To understand this movement one must not forget that the national spirit had been, so to speak, asleep for about 400 years, Norway being a Danish dependency, but was suddenly roused in this century by the paralysing consequences of great European conflicts. To avert the supremacy of Sweden politically, and to render the country independent of Denmark in literature and art became a general cry, and was made the principal aim by the new association started and called the "Norske Selskab" (Norwegian Society). A rather brusque removal of Danish artists from the Norwegian stage was only one of several phenomena. To be sure Kjerulf was in the first instance at variance with the rising leaders, of whom Bj. Björnson and Ole Bull made themselves very conspicuous, and were supposed to affect all kinds of "national follies." But then he felt very vexed when blamed on account of his love for classical music, which he never cared to conceal. This was the only objection which could be brought forward against the "Leipsic man," as he was termed by certain "Norse Norwegians from Norway." For all that, he admired the popular tunes, and frequently

made use of national motives in his own discreet way, and in accordance with his refined taste. The poems of Welhaven were the first to arouse his power. Their beautiful and flowing language rendered them particularly suitable for musical treatment, and it is very much due to them that Kjerulf became what he is now recognised to be, "the creator of the national romance." Again, it is the language of Mendelssohn and Schumann which he was called upon to dress in a new, Norwegian, costume. We find several of the lyrics translated by T. Marzials: "I hardly know," "Afar in the wood," and "Spring Song" (Book I). Constantly he draws attention to the lovely country scenery, nowadays so highly appreciated, as for instance in the following: "Fagre Dal, lyse Sommer" (beautiful valley, summer bright), and "Når en stille solklar Dag" (when a quiet, sunny day). The "Troubadour" is another fine (posthumous) composition for soli and chorus, and was brought forward by Grieg in his Philharmonic Society.

Up to about 1860 Kjerulf had published several sketches for piano, expressing national life, flavoured with highland fiddle tunes as well as erotic motives; also music set to five songs of Björnson (from "Synnöve" and "Arne"). He sent a copy of them to Björnson, who, in his quality as president of the "Norske Selskab," got them performed there, and was so pleased that he thought it a good opportunity to approach the composer. "We must by all means work together," he replied, "in a lyrico-dramatic direction. I believe to know now what you want, and I am very anxious to contribute my share. Take, for instance, the motive of 'wooing at the Sæter' (highland cottage), when 'he' appears between the trees in the moonlight, followed by friends, as the custom is, approaching the house. The dog barks, they try to silence it, knock at the door, are answered coquettishly, knock again, the door opens; the wooing follows, and the answer—and church bells heard in the bass precede the final chorus. Or (from the Viking period), long strokes of oars are heard from the sea; there is song and answer; 'she' approaches and is kidnapped—entreaties and anguish are expressed, her friends on shore crying out for help. The danger having passed, all is hope and courage, and a final chorus of friends welcome them home. Or—well, what cannot be imagined as long as love and romance exist in the world? All this should be considered as soon as possible, because I leave here at the end of April, and we ought to have some interviews for our purpose."

There is no doubt that Kjerulf was very pleased at receiving this sign of sympathy, as he calls it, but he feared at the same time lest he should overrate his own talent. "He would be very glad to receive Björnson, but he was afraid that Björnson would scarcely find what he expected in the old music teacher, who used his spare time to write romances and piano-pieces." "He might venture a little sketch," he said at their first meeting, which took place on the following Sunday, "but nothing on a larger scale; he did not know much about orchestral music." What an immense gap between him and the youthful, ambitious poet, whose interesting individuality yet succeeded by-and-by in imparting fresh life and poetry to the composer, as the many beautiful songs which appeared in the following years testify. Some of the poems were written especially for Kjerulf. In the first volume of T. Marzials' translations we find the well-known "Evensong" (Prinsessen sad høit), "On the Ling, Hol" (Ræven), "Young Venevil," and "Taylor's Song." Very expressive and of lasting value are also "O vidste Du bare" (Oh, if you only knew), and "Aftenen er stille" (quiet is the evening).

For the rest he chose his texts from any country: Victor Hugo's "Chansons," as well as Thomas Moore and Emanuel Geibel; songs of Finland's great poet Runeberg, for instance, "Det var då" (Marzials, II: Where are they) no less graceful than Spanish Romances.

Of a very different kind were Kjerulf's relations with Ole Bull. This adventurous violinist, who by his constant and successful travels tried to convince the civilised world that Norway was not inhabited only by Polar bears and Lapps, came home now and then to take part in undertakings of national importance. His genius flattered the people, who nearly worshipped him in spite of his many extravagances. What Kjerulf thought of this Norwegian pioneer is laid down in several letters which are the more interesting because they give such valuable information of the period and of Kjerulf's personal standpoint. Take, for instance, a quotation about the concert in which Ole Bull made a peasant-boy play the violin: "At last Ole Bull introduced the poor, sottish Möllar boy (Möllargut), and gave the audience a chance of examining the sort of music which he terms the 'Norwegian Art' that may be found ready developed on the mountains. The audience was roaring at the Möllar boy's violin, and as the boy afterwards gave a concert of his own, Ole Bull found it expedient to depart. He returned, it is true, but ashamed and annoyed, angry with most people, especially with those who said nothing (among whom I was one)." . . . "Ole Bull is not the man to appreciate quiet ways and silent recognition. One must grant that he perfectly understands how to announce his coming and his presence by making a great bustle which is re-echoed long after his departure. 'When he comes,' so it was said by many, 'we will take care to show him that we are no longer children. We may be magnanimous enough to pass over his scandals, sensible enough to appreciate him, although his performances have deteriorated in consequence of age; but as to this stupid enthusiasm—let the Bergen mob keep it for themselves!' Oh! What poor wretches!—He came, he saw, he conquered. The students announced counter demonstration meetings, but only few people appeared. The good citizens cried out at the expensive tickets—but they paid notwithstanding. And hundreds of those who felt vexed at the applause bestowed on Ole Bull (which could not have been more ostentatious in Italy) encored him six times yesterday with violent shrieks. Even the students sang at his concert and serenaded him afterwards, and the quartet of Kjerulf (of him who has criticised our celebrated countryman, of him who points out his want of form and his aiming at popularity) marched down to the music-prince at Viktoria Hotel in the deepest snow, sneaked up to his door and sang to his praise, were introduced and bathed in the glare of his radiant genius, listened to his magnificent speech, and regaled themselves over his toddy. And all this the quartet did with the leader's voluntary consent; if anybody was against this, it was not he, because he—the poor conductor—was quite *herunter* from enthusiasm, and would, in his excited state, have been capable of embracing the whole Italian opera, if it had been there. Nay, Ole Bull understands well how to pose, and by his power to move even fossils. But he does not convert me.—Why? Because, when speaking of art, I don't always consider that which seizes and pleases immediately to be the best and the most original—but that which always captivates you, and the more so on repetition. When I hear too much of this certainly ingenious *pot-pourri* music I get horribly impatient, and snatch at a properly lasting 'cantabile,' or a regular durable 'allegro.' One cannot always be disposed to enjoy the abrupt and the odd."

The stamp of Kjerulf's music is in the first place due to his own individuality, and in the second place, to the influence of his surroundings. His solitary life in a country where everything connected with art was in its infancy, must have greatly modified the form of his creations, as it also gave rise to that very modest idea of his own capability and imparted that attractive tinge of longing, if not of sadness. He never married, but remained a *vase-brisé* more or less, as may be inferred from his letters: "I often believed I should never forget a pair of blue eyes and a good figure; but nothing is

impossible in this world God knows whether I ever marry, I don't feel very happy." Twenty years afterwards he says: "I wish with all my heart your son may never become 'Norse Musicus'; it might occur to him as it has occurred to me, to have to sing about happiness and love, and at the same time to be without it." We can understand how the German writer, Emanuel Geibel, became his favourite poet: "weil mir die Liebe sitzt, heimlich sitzt im Herzensgrund." Similar in subject is Björnson's "Verborgene Liebe" (Marzials I. A secret). "Sein Herze, ach! war ihm zerrissen, doch Niemand ja sollte es wissen." So he retires to his Muse and asks her to be his help: "I give thee all, I can no more, my heart and lute are all the store that I can bring to thee." Afterwards he seems to take the views of a confirmed bachelor. Take a letter of 1859: "To-night is the end of my vacation, and I am to resume my visits to many odd misses and mesdames, old maids, and old wives. Help, Samiel! I have spent this fortnight more in resting than in doing any work. I tried a little, but without much profit. It was decidedly better last summer, a real Eldorado to me. I was sole master of the house, took my food and drink when convenient, without bothering about time, and composed the better when others slept. And if I had thus been sitting at the piano up to the bright morning I used to finish the day by taking long, long, solitary walks in order to prevent my *cadaver* from being totally ruined. You know my social circle is very limited now and I seem to be getting out of it more and more. I move very little in society and not at all in that frequented by grand people. Even musical houses are closed to me, and I dare say I can bear to be without the honour. I sit in an isolated spot, and if I get awakened now and then by an electric shock, it does not come from my surroundings. Oh! no."

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

* MARMONTEL'S PIANOFORTE STUDIES.

A highly valuable addition to the literature of pianoforte playing has lately been contributed by Professor A. Marmontel in his "Enseignement Progressif et Rationnel du Piano"; a work demanding more than ordinary attention on the part of pianists, teachers, and all who are interested in the subject, seeing that in it are to be found the ripe results of an experience in teaching at the "Conservatoire National" and elsewhere, extending over a period of half a century, and that the author is able to point to a list of eminent *virtuosi* who at one time or another have been indebted to his guidance, including such names as Francis Planté, Thomas Turner, Georges Bizet, Henri Ketten, Louis Diémer, Alph. Duvernoy, Lavignac, Lack, Galeotti, Delafosse, and many others. Students, therefore, will take up this sumptuous instruction book with a feeling of perfect confidence that any deviations in the matter of progressive arrangement or other details, that may be here observable from the ordinary scheme of works written with a similar object, are due to no mere caprice, or desire to arrest attention by cheap singularity, but on the contrary to reasons well thought out, and tested by actual observation. An admirable and welcome feature in these exercises, is the manner in which the author has succeeded in enlisting interest from the very beginning in technical practice, by investing the simplest passages, wherever possible, with some amount of melodic or harmonic charm, without—and here lies one of the difficulties of his task—sacrificing their practical utility. Any method of *technique* dealing, as this does, with early, intermediate, and fairly-advanced stages of progress, attains a bulk which cannot fail to prove formidable—not to say appalling—to the beginner; the latter, by the necessity of the case, being assumed to enter

* "Enseignement Progressif et Rationnel du Piano." Par A. Marmontel, Professeur au Conservatoire National de Musique. (Henri Heugel, Paris.)

upon his studies with a mind entirely blank upon the subject. As a matter of fact, a good majority of those who enter upon the course prescribed by Professor Marmontel are likely to come already equipped with at least some elementary knowledge of the pianoforte; and, in such cases, regard to special requirements may properly be observed in the manner of using this book. In all cases the student should be warned against attempting too much at a time, and assured that, if he attempts to swallow the work whole, it will disagree with him. Contrary to the more usual practice, M. Marmontel ranges under each key a series of studies, commencing with the simple five-finger exercises, and proceeding to different kinds of staccato, connected thirds, and other matters generally postponed—as, for instance, in the Stuttgart School—to a much later stage. The disinclination often shown to allowing the pupil to bring the wrist into play at an early period of his studies is easy to understand. It arises from an obvious, and in many cases a well-grounded fear, that he may be tempted into the injurious habit of using the wrist movements at improper times, to the neglect of the finger joints, the diligent cultivation of which is of such vital importance to proper note production. But there is certainly another side of the question. There exists some danger of delaying the emancipation of the wrist until too late; nor should it be forgotten that even in passages where the wrist itself is not ostensibly used, any stiffness in that joint seriously impedes the free conduct of the hand. It is never too early to impress upon the young pianist the difference between a quiet and a stiff wrist, even in legato passages—a difference which may be said to resemble that between a carriage with and without springs. With regard to the practice of the minor scale, the author gives his preference to the “harmonic” scale, with its augmented second between the sixth and seventh degrees, over the more prevalent “arbitrary minor scale,” as it has been called. A difference of opinion prevails upon this point, which may easily and best be smoothed over by the recommendation to use both forms, for each possesses its own special usefulness musically and technically. Mr. Charles Spencer, in his treatise on music, gives and recommends the practice of no less than nine specimens of the minor scale, several of his examples being identical with ancient ecclesiastical “tones.” The subject of modulation receives early attention in the method with obvious advantage to the advancement of musical intelligence in the pupil. It is interesting to observe that very free use of the thumb does not here obtain the same prominence accorded to it in the system of several modern teachers; nor do we notice any such recommendation as that given, for instance, in Mr. Oscar Beringer's very original work on pianoforte teaching we noticed not long ago in these columns, to supplement the usual scale fingering with another in which all keys are treated alike. Contrary motion, in the utility of which as a means of promoting independent fingers Clementi was so firm a believer, also receives its full meed of attention in these exercises. Although we are prevented by considerations of space from giving further detailed analysis of them, enough, we trust, has been said to show that they are of exceptional value, and that the high expectations naturally raised by the name on the title-page will in nowise be disappointed.

Occasional Notes.

Last week we tried to show the humour of a quarrel in connection with the centenary performance of *Don Giovanni*, implying at the same time that such absurdities would be impossible in our more rational country. But, behold, pride goes before a fall, as we are now bound to relate a story showing that in England also musical discords are occasionally resolved, if not exactly by pistol and sword, at least by the argument of fisticuffs. At the Hammersmith Police Court, last week, Alexander Charles Ramsey, a tailor, was placed in the dock, charged with assaulting William Benson, a pianoforte manufacturer, of Elgin Crescent, Notting Hill. It appears that the valiant and musical tailor had purchased a piano on what is known as the hire system, and not having paid, according to the complainant, the third instalment, the

latter had taken steps to recover his instrument. In proof of his allegation, he appeared in Court with what, in the circumstances, he might well have called “a lovely black eye,” the result, he alleged, of the defendant's violence. It turned out, however, that the piano had been fetched back prematurely, and while Mr. Ramsey was actually in the complainant's house with the money for the third instalment in his pocket. This being the case, the magistrate decided that the assault had been made under strong provocation, and Mr. William Benson left the Court with only a shilling by way of *solatium* for the black eye. Let us hope that he will seriously consider the merits of the hire system, and the dangers of enforcing that system before the lawful day of settlement has arrived.

M. Carvalho, it appears, is to be cited before the *Tribunal Correctionnel*, together with two of the firemen, “for having, by their negligence, caused the destruction of the Opéra Comique Theatre, and the death of the numerous spectators who have perished in that catastrophe.” This seems rather hard upon M. Carvalho, who had, on many occasions, pointed out to the Minister of Fine Arts and other official persons, the dangers to which artists and audiences were exposed by the faulty construction of the theatre, and who actually inspired the interpolation made by M. Steenackers in the Chamber of Deputies, predicting that same catastrophe a few days before it actually occurred. Evidently M. Carvalho is to be made the scapegoat of some more illustrious personage, who could not very well be cited before the correctional tribunal.

Lortzing's *Csar und Zimmermann* was first produced at the Leipsic Municipal Theatre fifty years ago in December, since when the opera has always held the stage, and has given as much pleasure in our own day as half a century ago. Thus the knowledge of the needy circumstances in which the descendants of Lortzing are living cannot but interest all lovers of German opera. Herr Stagemann, the manager of the Leipsic Theatre, has, therefore, announced a performance of *Csar und Zimmermann* for December 22—the very date of the original production—for the benefit of the family of the composer. Herr Stagemann hopes that other opera houses in Germany will, by following his example, support his charitable aim.

The interesting occasion, apart from serving this purpose will also give rise to somewhat curious reflections. Since the day of Lortzing the history of the operetta or *Singspiel* in Germany has been an almost uninterrupted decline and fall, till the lowest stage seems to have been reached in such sentimental twaddle and musical commonplace as Nessler's *Trompeter von Säckingen*, which at present in the Fatherland contends for the crown of popularity with Wagner. In Lortzing's *Csar und Zimmermann* there is, apart from some excellent music, as for example the beautiful sestet, a thoroughly healthy tone. The melodies come straight from the heart and go to the heart accordingly. Of what modern operetta, French, German, or English, can the same be said?

The question of improvement in dramatic singing is at present greatly exercising the minds of the Berliners. A society called the *Gesellschaft der Opernfreunde* has been started in the interest of operatic music, with the view to giving performances of opera—beginning with the works of the older masters—in great perfection, but presumably on the concert platform. A complete orchestra and picked chorus are to be conducted by Herr Raida. The solo singers will be eminent artists engaged by the society. Coinciding, but quite unconnected, with this institution is the establishment in Berlin of a school of dramatic singing by Herr Julius Hey.

The Organ World.

ON VOLUNTARIES.

As a lover of the organ, I have noticed with concern the remarkable falling off in voluntaries. The object of this paper is to hold up the mirror, and call the attention of our younger organists to the irreverent style of voluntary-playing adopted by some among their number, and the unsuitableness of such music in the services of the sanctuary. It seems to me that a want of true artistic and devotional feeling, combined with perhaps a vanity prompting the desire to show off a skilful manipulation to an admiring congregation, or perhaps even ambition, is at the root of this change. This much at least is certain, that a person wanting in devotional feeling is as much unfitted to officiate at a church organ as a dull, heavy person, devoid of rhythmical feeling and having no appreciation for the light and pretty in music, would be out of place if he figured as pianist at a dancing-party. And, as to the silly promptings of vanity and ambition, these, if yielded to, will equally destroy the usefulness of the church organist, who, as a servant of the church leading the praises of the Almighty, should be influenced by no selfish motives, but simply by the desire to do his duty well.

The church is a "house of prayer," and not a field for the performances of an egotist. An Old Testament prophet says, "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him;" and Our Lord says, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." Remembering these plain words of Scripture, a moment's consideration will show how irreverent and horrible a thing it must be for an organist of a church to turn to his own use the assembling of the people in the Lord's House, and seek, by brilliant displays of "finger," and adopting a light, "popular" style of voluntary, to get public applause; in other words, to seek his own glorification rather than the glory of Him from whom music—and all other good gifts—come; to lay his offering on the altar of self, and—worse than the Unprofitable Servant in the parable—to appropriate the Talent entrusted to his charge, and use it for his own purposes.

From the artist's point of view, anything like pandering to an uneducated popular taste is to be deprecated. Forkel says of Bach: "He never worked for the crowd, but always had in his mind an ideal perfection, without any view to approbation. He sang only for himself and the Muses." And Dr. Crotch, in his Lectures, says: "A lasting reputation is seldom acquired quickly. It is by a slower process—by the prevailing commendation of a few real judges—that true worth is finally discovered and rewarded." At the same time, however, an organist, being no more than human, is, and must be, often sorely tempted to forget these canons and "play to suit the people," and "make himself a name." In speaking of the taste of the public as uneducated, I make no mistake. The public like to be pleased, and care very little about Art, of the great principles of which they are ignorant. The sublime they consider a "bore." They find nothing admirable in a cartoon of Raffaele or a majestic composition of Bach. Indeed, I have no hesitation in saying that, if a great master of the organ were to play the most sublime composition of Bach, and the name of the player and the composition were unknown to the congregation, not half-a-dozen persons would stay to listen to him. But if, next Sunday, an organist of the new school were to play a light, showy piece, full of "effects"—the more exaggerated the better, to be sure!—introducing "fancy stops" and tremendous contrasts of tone and colour, and making a great show of manipulation and pedipulation—which latter go for so much with the multitude—hundreds

would stay and listen to the "pretty music." This, of course, shows not only an uncultivated taste on the part of the public, but also a profound ignorance of the real art of organ-playing and the difficulties thereof. The *connoisseur* despises the maudlin, sentimental style, and hates exaggeration and the never-ending *ruse* of fancy stops; and, so far from considering mechanical playing the *ultima thule* of musical navigators, insists on correct phrasing and other good qualities. But he gives the chiefest place to a refined taste and expression, and properly so. A skilful manipulation may be got by long practice; but feeling, which makes the musician as well as the poet, where it is found at all, is inborn, and cannot be acquired. Feeling, which is the very soul of music, is as much nobler than mere executive skill as the soul is more precious than the body. A barrel-organ plays with the utmost correctness; it attacks and executes the most difficult passages with absolute precision; it is a wonderful mechanical player; it is even provided with stops; but, for all this, I do not like it; for, to me, there can be no music where expression is wanting. Sir Joshua Reynolds says: "It is the lowest style of art, whether of painting, poetry, or music, that may be said, in the vulgar sense, to be naturally pleasing. The higher efforts of these arts, we know by experience, do not affect minds wholly uncultivated. A refined taste is the consequence of education and habit."

Of *introductory voluntaries* little need be said except that they are intended to "edify"—not to amuse, and tickle the ears of the congregation, who are about to join in the most serious of all business—the Service of the Church. And as people, when they are in church, ought to put aside all worldly thoughts as inappropriate to the occasion, so the organist should for the time forget all secular strains and choose some quiet, calm movement for his voluntary. A slow extemporaneous movement—not maundering, but artistically constructed as to form, and freely employing imitation—and other ornaments of counterpoint—makes a better introductory voluntary than Rossini's "Cujus Animam" (which is not organ music at all) and does not distract the devout worshippers, who are turning their hearts and minds "to great Jehovah's praise." Cecil in his "Remains" tells us that he was overwhelmed by Handel's music; yet he never in his life heard it, but he could think of something else at the same time. But, he says, "There is a kind of music that will not allow this. Dr. Worgan has so touched the organ at St. John's, that I have been turning backward and forward over the prayer-book for the First Lesson in Isaiah, and wondered that I could not find Isaiah there!"

The object of the *concluding voluntary* some one says is to cover the noise and shuffling made by the people leaving church. But surely this is putting to an ignoble use an artist and the "king of instruments," whose powers are so beautifully alluded to by the poet in his great "ode."

"But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above."

It seems to me that the use of the concluding voluntary is not so much to "play the people out" as to furnish a worthy termination to a service, in which music is often employed. Nay, an organist may use his "divine art" to accentuate, as it were, the leading points of the sermon, by choosing a suitable voluntary. Thus, an allusion by the clergyman to the Saviour as our Lord and King may most appropriately be followed by the "Hallelujah" chorus on the organ. Or the voluntary may be chosen to suit the Sunday, or the lessons, or even the psalms—as some clergymen choose the texts for their sermons. For example, on Septuagesima,

Sunday "The heavens are telling"—if not sung as an anthem—would be a most suitable voluntary. On the other hand, an organist may almost destroy the effect of a sermon by playing an inappropriate voluntary. What more dreadful than to hear the familiar and joyous strains :—

"See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums"

emanating from the organ, when one has just been listening to a funeral sermon on the death of some estimable person; what more excruciating and repulsive to our best feelings than to hear an organ strike up a dance-tune, a roaring march, or a frivolous offertoire, when we are moved almost to tears by the eloquence of some earnest preacher? And yet such indecencies are committed.

To take a few examples, drawn from the life. In a famous place of worship in London I once heard—with amazement—a noisy, popular march played as a concluding voluntary. I was shortly afterwards at the Crystal Palace and heard the same march on the organ there. The feeling that prompted such a display in the sacred building was detestable—as was also the effect; but the Palace player showed his correct judgment by choosing a popular piece, with which to gratify his audience and *there* the effect of the march was excellent; the music being suitable to the building, the audience, and the occasion—a display of fireworks. I once spent some time at a cathedral town and visited some of the churches thereof. At one church we had a very appealing sermon, which was hardly ended and the benediction pronounced, when the organist played a gavotte, to which the congregation slowly danced out of church. At another church an earnest sermon was followed by a quick march. At the cathedral I expected better things; but my fate was to attend service there, for the first time, when the organist was absent and the organ entrusted to his assistant, a lad in his teens. This youth's concluding voluntary fairly surpassed anything I had heard before; for he went from keyboard to keyboard, from *vox humana* to *voix celeste*, from clarion to clarionet, and after a pause, fairly ran down the chromatic scale *prestissimo e fortissimo*. The piece was new to me, and I hope I shall never hear it in the House of God again. I was told this same assistant also played gavottes for his concluding voluntaries. I could have allowed for puerilities in so young a player, but I should have expected that the cathedral authorities would have interfered to save that glorious fane from such profanation. Just as might be expected, I found that there were some who liked this style of voluntary—which was certainly on a level with the poorest capacity—and said the assistant played better than his master; an idea which the youth's friends (?) had the foolishness and bad taste the promulgate.

Having dealt with the light and frivolous voluntary, and said something of the peculiar unfitness of such playing in church, it will be refreshing to turn over the leaf and give one or two examples of the highest and purest style of organ-playing, which may be taken as models of the grand and devotional voluntary. Let my first example be an extemporaneous Prelude and Fugue by a great musician, one of whose magnificent performances—if indeed that can be called a "performance" when the listener forgets the performer and his art, and the delighted mind feeds on the music, as the glorious sound-waves come rolling on one after another—I was privileged to hear. I will give another example of grand and legitimate organ-playing, with which I was favoured by a German organist. Like the other great master, Herr ——— also extemporised in the true organ style—the style of Bach. I will not trust myself to make any remarks on this performance and the impression it left, but refer the reader to Forkel's "Life of Bach," chapter 4. This was the art the venerable

Reinken thought was lost till he heard Bach play. Although few could hope even to approach these two great masters of the art—whose performances I have chosen as models of concluding voluntaries—much less to attain to such perfection, yet that is no reason why anyone should wilfully forsake the true style of organ-playing, and, wandering from the road that leads to Parnassus, set out for the musical Antipodes. And pandering to an uneducated public taste by playing light, popular music, is the more unnecessary as the works of the classics furnish hundreds of pieces which, with very little adapting, would make appropriate voluntaries; and some of the great masters have left us a rich legacy of music composed expressly for the organ.

If the question were put: Which would be the more appropriate conclusion to divine service—a grand organ fugue or chorus by one of the old masters, or a trumpety dance-tune, march, or frivolous *offertoire*?—everyone would say the first. And yet there are not a few young organists who in actual practice choose the latter, to the scandal of their profession, the disgust of all intelligent people, the distraction of the devout, and the grief and annoyance of their clergymen, who are naturally hurt when their evangelical efforts are capped by an unseemly display by some conceited or ambitious manipulator.

Our good ancestors, in composing and playing carefully distinguished the different styles and kept in view the genius of the instruments, on which their thoughts was to be produced. Forkel says of Bach and his eldest son, William Friedmann: "Both were elegant performers on the clavichord; but when they came to the organ, no trace of the harpsichord player was to be perceived. Melody, harmony, motion etc., all was different, that is, all was adapted to the nature of the instrument and its destination. When I heard William Friedmann on the harpsichord, all was delicate, elegant, and agreeable. When I heard him on the organ, I was seized with reverential awe. There all was pretty; here all was grand and solemn. The same was the case with John Sebastian, but both in a much higher degree of perfection. The organ compositions of this extraordinary man are full of the expression of devotion, solemnity, and dignity; but his unpremeditated voluntaries on the organ, where nothing was lost in writing down, are said to have been still more devout, solemn, dignified, and sublime." No modern musician, I believe, has yet so far confounded the styles, as to introduce fugues into ball-rooms; though to do so would be in as correct taste as to play dance-tunes in church, and would for many reasons be far less objectionable.

An irreverent voluntary is the offspring of ignorance and vanity, and perhaps ambition, and is a certain sign of a want of true artistic and devotional feeling—which is the chiefest qualification of a church musician. "I foresee," said Hannibal sadly, "the fall of Carthage." And when I consider the immense influence that church organists have in forming the public taste, and then think of the frivolous strains I have so often heard in church, I am put in mind of that exclamation. Will the true art of organ playing in the course of a few more generations become a thing of the past, only to be read of in books? My object in writing this paper is to call attention to a matter, which, practically—as I believe—has hitherto been overlooked. And, at the risk of being thought tedious, I have endeavoured to be clear. I will conclude my very imperfect paper with the beautiful words of Hufeland, which, though addressed to members of a very different profession, might have been intended for church organists: "Thine is a high and holy office; see that thou exercise it purely; not for thine own advancement, not for thine own honour, but for the glory of God and the good of thy neighbour. Hereafter thou wilt have to give an account of it."

R. B. DANIEL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

VOLUNTARIES.

TO THE (ORGAN) EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—I am glad to see by the letter in this week's "Musical World" that the question of Organ Voluntaries is likely to receive some attention. It is a matter of some pain to one now growing grey on the organ stool, to see the want of true dignity as to the nature of their profession, which prevails amongst some of the younger race of organists. There is a sufficient amount of rubbish played on organs upon certain occasions but let us if possible keep it out of church. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon our younger brethren that the true test of their performances in church, is not the injudicious praise of some admiring friends. An organist should be well trained at all points, and able to produce any and all effects, but the Church is not the place for his individual display, let him be entirely subordinate. I do not mean that he shall not play brilliantly in one place, or pathetically in another, if the music demands those forms of expression, but let it be for the dignity and glory of the worship he is engaged in, not the glory of his petty self; above all let him be warned against disturbing the thoughts of the congregation, by unsuitable displays at the commencement of the service. If he is able, nothing is more suitable than a quiet easy diapason kind of movement in unison with the nature of the season, solemn for Lent and Advent, and more jubilant and majestic for occasions like Easter and festivals. Failing this extemporaneous movement, there are abundant stores of unobtrusive and yet elegant and musicianly work available in the Andantes of Mendelssohn, Smart, Hopkins, &c. For concluding voluntaries it is more difficult to lay down a rule, but I am inclined to think that a few bars of well-considered extempore or other music would be best to cover the noise of those who wish to leave, after which if desirable a recital might follow, though even in this I think good taste would deprecate the introduction of pieces with any very secular associations.

Brighton, Sept. 26.

ALFRED KING.

MENDELSSOHN'S ORGAN PLAYING.

TO THE (ORGAN) EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—The following extract from the *Musical World* of 1840 (p. 220) will give the information wanting to complete the record of Mendelssohn's organ performances mentioned in your columns last week, and likewise afford another critical contribution to the subject. The remarks occur in course of a notice of the Birmingham Musical Festival of that year.

"I now come to speak of Mendelssohn as a player, and as his organ performances may be said to be the most pretentious, I shall speak of them first. On the first day he played the pedal fugue in A minor of Bach, which he has frequently played publicly in England, and which he again played the other day at St. Peter's Church, Cornhill. In this he evinced a great knowledge of the organ generally, but was apparently embarrassed by an unacquaintance with this particular instrument; I cannot but think it injudicious in any one, however great his powers, to sit down to a stupendous and intricate machine like this large organ, and after half an hour's practice, which will hardly suffice to read a catalogue of the stops, to hold forth before four thousand people; but in the case of Mendelssohn who has so great a reputation at stake, I must censure it highly. His extemporaneous performance on the fourth day was not more happy; he introduced the subject of the *Messiah*—'Lift up your heads,' but he made no use of it afterwards and was rather dull throughout. He played privately to some twenty or thirty persons on another day with much better effect, and I congratulate myself on my good fortune in being one of the select few to hear certainly a very masterly performance."

It is evident that this particular writer was not so carried away by the glamour of Mendelssohn's personality; but he appears to have forgotten the great artist's previous acquaintance with the organ, and his performances on it in 1837; he also exaggerates the capacity of the town hall, which will not seat many more than half the number of persons he presumes to have been present. Of Mendelssohn's pianoforte playing in the evening—the G minor concerto—he writes in more enthusiastic terms, but I fear to trespass on your space by further quotation.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

Birmingham, Sept. 27.

STEPHEN S. STRATTON.

MENDELSSOHN AT ST. PETER'S, CORNHILL.

TO THE ORGAN EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—Surely all organ-lovers will be glad to see the papers in *The Musical World* on Mendelssohn's organ-playing; with reference to that, however, of September 24, permit me to say that it was I—not my sister—who was organist at St. Peter's, Cornhill, when Mendelssohn played there, and I have continued to hold that appointment until about four years ago. The mistake in your paper arose, perhaps, from a confusion of names, mine being now Miss Mounsey—which was my sister's name before her marriage with Mr. Bartholomew.

May I also remark, respecting Mendelssohn's autograph, now hanging in the vestry at St. Peter's, that the few bars of music it contains are the subject of Bach's Passacaglia—not of Mendelssohn's own Fugue in F minor.—Yours respectfully,

Brunswick Place.

ELIZABETH MOUNSEY.

[The best thanks of all lovers of organ music are due to Miss Mounsey for her kind corrections and interesting letter, and to Mr. S. S. Stratton for his valued contribution.—E. H. T.]

THE METHUSELAH OF ORGANISTS.

TO THE ORGAN EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—The enclosed cutting from to-day's *Devon and Exeter Gazette*, I thought might be of interest to fellow organists.—I am, yours faithfully,

H. J. TAYLOR, A.C.O.

September 29.

"SIR,—A week or so ago you made reference in your columns to the ages attained by some of our celebrated organists, 'fifty-two years service' being the highest then quoted. In the churchyard of All Saints, Hertford, I have discovered the resting place of the Methuselah of organists, viz., of

'CHARLES BRIDGEMAN,

Born August 30, 1773.

Died August 3, 1873.

For 81 years organist of this parish."

"I am, yours faithfully,

PHILOS.

"Sidmouth, September 26, 1887.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, WILLESDEN GREEN, N.W.

Messrs. Brindley & Foster have lately erected an organ in the above church, on their new patented tubular pneumatic system (3½ in. wind pressure). The console for organist is placed in one of the arches, just behind choir stalls on south side of chancel, the Choir Organ in opposite arch on north side of chancel, with the Great Swell and Pedal at the end of south transept.

The different organs are each about 40 feet apart from console, but notwithstanding, the repetition is perfect, and the touch light and prompt, and not affected by the couplers. The following is the complete specification of the instrument, which was drawn up by Mr. J. Munro Coward. Only a part of the stops are at present inserted, but complete preparation is made for the remainder.

GREAT ORGAN. Compass CC to C.			
1. Open Diapason...	8 ft.	4. Principal...	4 ft.
2. Hohl Flöte ...	8 "	5. Harmonic Flute ...	4 "
3. Gamba ...	8 "	6. Great Cornet 5 ranks	various
		7. Trumpet ...	8 ft.
CHOIR ORGAN. Compass CC to C.			
8. Salcional ...	8 ft.	10. Gedact ...	8 ft.
9. Dulciana ...	8 "	11. Lieblich Flute ...	4 "
		12. Clarionet...	8 ft.
SWELL ORGAN. Compass CC to C.			
13. Lieblich Bourdon ...	16 ft.	17. Principal ...	4 ft.
14. Open Diapason...	8 "	18. Full Mixture 4 rks.	various
15. Vox Angelica ...	8 "	19. Contra Fagotto...	16 ft.
16. Voix Céleste ...	8 "	20. Oboe ...	8 "
		21. Cornopean ...	8 ft.
PEDAL ORGAN. Compass CCC to F.			
22. Major Bass ...	16 ft.	25. Flute Bass ...	8 ft.
23. Sub Bass ...	16 "	26. Trombone Bass ...	16 "
24. Principal Bass ...	8 "	27. Trumpet Bass ...	8 "
COUPLERS, &c.			
28. Swell to Great.		32. Choir to Pedal.	
29. Swell to Choir.		33. Swell Octave.	
30. Swell to Pedal.		34. Great Octave.	
31. Great to Pedal.		35. Swell Sub-octave to Great.	
Three Composition Pedals to Great Organ.			
Three Composition Pedals to Swell Organ.			

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RECITAL NEWS.

BIRMINGHAM.—At St. Mary's Catholic Church, on Sept. 10, a new organ, which has been built by Mr. Banfield, Soho, Birmingham, was opened by Mr. J. Barrett, professor of music to St. Mary's College, Oscott. The instrument has two manuals and pedal, and its tone has been much admired, says report. On Sept. 20 an organ recital was given by Mr. H. Drury, of Derby. There was a large and appreciative congregation present, who appeared highly gratified with the music given them. The programme was varied and judiciously selected for the purpose of showing the capabilities of the instrument.

BOW AND BROMLEY INSTITUTE.—On Saturday last the recital was given by that gifted and clever young organist, Mr. Alfred Hollins. His admirable playing and fine execution were much admired. His programme included the following pieces:—Sonata, No. 1, Guilmant; Aria and Gavotte, Bach; Andante in B flat, Hoyte; Prelude and Fugue in C minor, Mendelssohn; Andante, F. Turner; Intermezzo, A. Macbeth; Adagio and Finale (Second Organ Symphony), Widor; and Overture in C, A. Hollins. Miss Clara Dowle was the vocalist and Miss Anna Lang the violinist, whose excellent playing delighted her audience. Mr. Fountain Meen accompanied. This evening Mr. E. H. Turpin will be the organist.

CARMARTHEN.—An Organ Recital was recently given at St. Peter's Church, the following programme being gone through, Mr. C. V. Harding presiding at the organ:—Offertoire (No. 6), (L. Wely); Adagio in C sharp Minor (Beethoven); "Vesper Hymn" (with var., Turpin); "Ancient Melody" (Arr. by J. Smart); "Marche Militaire" (by desire) (Gounod).

EASTBOURNE.—At St. Anne's Church, No. 19 of "Half-hours with the Great Composers" (Sept. 18) was the following selection from the works of Sir William Sterndale Bennett:—1. Barcarolle from the Fourth Pianoforte Concerto. 2. Andante Capriccioso—No. 5 of Six Pianoforte Studies, Op. 11. 3. Prayer, "In Prison" (Adagio patetico from "The Maid of Orleans" Sonata. 4. Alla Chorale, "Abide with me," from "The Woman of Samaria." 5. Minuetto and Trio from the Symphony in G minor. No. 20 (Sept. 25), from the works of Louis Jacques Alfred Lefébure-Wély (1817—1869): 1. Offertoire in G, Op. 35, No. 4 (*Allegro moderato*). 2. (a) Andante in F, and (b) Pastorale in C. Antoine Edouard Batiste (1820—1876): 3. Andante in G, "The Pilgrim's Song of Hope." 4. Grand Offertoire in D major, No. 5, Andante maestoso alternating thrice with allegro—Finale (*Grandioso*). The organist on both occasions was Mr. Fred Winkley, A.C.O.

GODALMING.—The Harvest Festival was held on Thursday evening, the 29th inst., the anthem being "Oh, Lord, how manifold are Thy works." After service the following recital was given by Mr. English, B.A., Oxon., F.C.O.: Fantasia in F minor, Mozart; Musette, E. H. Turpin; Sonata No. 3, in A, Mendelssohn.

HIGH WYCOMBE.—An organ recital was given in the Parish Church by Mr. J. G. Wrigley, Mus. Bac., Oxon., on September 29. The programme included: Choral Song and Fugue, S. S. Wesley; Andante in F, No. 2, Smart; Melodie Religieuse, "Adoremus," Ravina; Chorus, "Sing unto God," *Judas*, Handel; Berceuse, Delbruck; Capriccio, Lemaigre; "The Lost Chord," Sullivan; March, Rossini.

NUNNINGTON.—An organ recital, with vocal selections, was given on Thursday, September 22, in All Saints' Church. The following programme was performed with masterly skill, and before a crowded congregation: Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Bach; Sicilian Melody, with variations, E. T. Chipp; Sonata in C minor, Merkel; Concerto No. 2, in B flat, Handel; Andante con Variazioni, Rea; Fantasia Sonata in A flat, Rheinberger; Air and Variations—Finale Fugue, Smart; Sonata in F, No. 1, Mendelssohn. The organist was Mr. Herbert F. R. Walton, Scholar of the Royal College of Music; the vocalist Mr. B. H. Grove, Medallist of the Royal Academy of Music.

PRESTON.—At Christ Church short organ recitals after Sunday evening service are announced, by Mr. A. Wyatt Mortimer, A.C.O., during the month of October. Oct. 2: Voluntary, Barcarolle in B flat, J. A. Robertson. Oct. 9: Voluntary, Festival Postlude No. 1 in C, Dr. Volkmar; Sonata, No. 3, in A, Mendelssohn; Andante in G, Battiste; March, "Israelites," *Eli*, Costa. Oct. 16: Voluntary, Festival Postlude No. 2 in D, Dr. Volkmar; Pastorale Sonata in G, Rheinberger; Andante in E flat, Gordigiani; Gavotte, Handel; "War

March," *Athalie*, Mendelssohn. Oct. 23: Festival Postlude, No. 3, in E flat, Dr. Volkmar; Sonata No. 2, in C, Mendelssohn; Melodie in A flat, and Chant Séraphique, A. Guilmant; March, "Triumphale," *Naaman*, Costa. Oct. 30: Voluntary, Festival Postlude No. 4 in E, Dr. Volkmar; Sonata No. 7, in F minor, Rheinberger; Andante con moto, Sonata in F, E. Silas; "Lovely Appear," *Redemption*, Gounod; March, "Commemoration," Scotson-Clark.

SHEFFIELD.—On September 27, the Local Church Choir Union assisted at two special services, to the number of 260. Mr. E. H. Lemare, F.C.O., directed the choir, and played the organ at the afternoon service with great skill and excellent results. In the evening Mr. E. H. Turpin was the organist, Mr. Lemare conducting his large choral force with judgment and success. The music included Stainer's E flat service, and Goss's "Fear not, O Land." A very large congregation attended. A recital on the organ closed a very successful choral gathering.

ST. NICHOLAS' COLE ABBEY.—An organ recital was given on September 27, by Mr. H. W. Weston, F.C.O., Organist, Balham Parish Church. The programme was as follows: Organ Sonata in A (No. 3), Mendelssohn; Berceuse, Delbruck; Prelude and Fugue in D, Bach; Variations and Finale, on the Sicilian melody, "O Sanctissima," Chipp; Grand Concerto (No. 8), Corelli; Marche aux Flambeaux (No. 2), Meyerbeer.

STRADBROKE.—On Wednesday evening, Sept. 21, Mr. Ben Cogswell, A.C.O., gave his second organ recital in Stradbroke Parish Church, Suffolk, to a very large and appreciative congregation. The following was the programme: Prelude and Fugue in C minor, Op. 37, Mendelssohn; Offertoire in B flat, L. Wely; Andante in E minor, Batiste; Overture to Poet and Peasant, F. von Suppe; Scherzando, B. Cogswell.

The Church of the Messiah, of St. Louis, is to have a large organ of fifty stops and combinations containing all the latest improvements and new stops. The unusual number of sixteen-foot stops in this organ is a feature of the scheme. Messrs. Jardine and Sons of New York are to be the builders.

NOTES.

The movement of bringing the oratorio to its original home, the church, always displays activity at harvest time. On Saturday (this evening) Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," with organ and orchestra, under Dr. H. Walmsley Little's direction, will be given at Holy Trinity Church, Tulsa Hill.

The date of the performance of M. Fétis's Organ Symphony, spoken of recently, should have been given as May 9, 1866.

A new edition of Bach's clavier works has been published by Steingraber & Co., of Hanover, under the editorship of Dr. Hans Bischoff.

Lovers of organ and church music will rejoice to learn that a collection of organ pieces, by the late Dr. E. T. Chipp, is being published by subscription under the very competent editorship of Dr. Garrett and Mr. J. Higgs, by Messrs. Weekes and Co.; who are also about to print a complete service by the same composer.

Canon Camidge, D.D., the new Bishop of Bathurst, came of an organ-playing family. His great grandfather, grandfather and uncle were successively organists of York Minster.

Mr. E. H. Lemare practically opened the organ-playing concert season at Sheffield on September 20, by fine performances at the Albert Hall in that town. The concert, a miscellaneous and popular selection, was attended by a very large audience.

One of the injured passengers in the terrible Doncaster railway disaster is Mr. T. Trimmell, son of Mr. Thomas Tallis Trimmell formerly of Sheffield, and now at Auckland, New Zealand.

M. Eugène Gigout lately inaugurated a new organ at Brest built by Messrs. Stolz Brothers of Paris. The instrument is a fine one of 45 stops. M. Gigout's masterly playing is highly spoken of by critics present.

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS' CALENDAR.

The Library will be open for members on Tuesday next, from 7 to 10.

A Council Meeting will be held at 8 on the same evening.

95, Great Russell Street, W.C. E. H. TURPIN, Hon. Sec.

DON'T DO ANYTHING

Until you have sent a post card to 52, Oxford Street, London, W., for a copy (FREE) of "Harness' Guide to Health," a new illustrated pamphlet, recently issued by Mr. C. B. Harness, the eminent Consulting Medical Electrician. It contains extracts from the thousands of testimonials received.

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(Corner of Rathbone Place.)

"Musical World" Stories.**"SING WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW!"**

Adapted from Hans Andersen's "Under the Willow Tree."

By MRS. OSCAR BERINGER.

(Continued from page 778.)

How pretty everything was in that room! Such an apartment could not be found in all Kjøge. The Queen herself could not be more charmingly lodged. There were carpets; there were window-curtains right down to the floor; all round were flowers and pictures; and a mirror, into which it seemed almost dangerous that a visitor might step, for it was as large as a door; and there was even a velvet chair.

Knud saw all this at a glance, and yet he saw nothing but Joanna. She was a grown maiden, quite different from what Knud had fancied her, and much more beautiful. How graceful she was, and with what an odd unfamiliar glance she looked at Knud. But that was only for a moment, and then she rushed towards him as if she would have kissed him. She did not really do so of course, but she came very near it. Yes, she was certainly rejoiced to see him. The tears were actually in her eyes, and she had so much to say, and so many questions to ask about everything, from Knud's parents down to the elder tree, and the willow, which she called "Elder-mother," and "Willow-father," just as if they had been human beings. And indeed they might pass as such, quite as well as the gingerbread cakes; she spoke of these too, and of their silent love, and how they had lain on the shop-board, and split in two—and then she laughed very heartily. But the blood mounted into Knud's cheeks and his heart beat thick and fast. And it was through her—he noticed it well—that her parents invited him to stay the whole evening with them, and she poured out the tea, and gave him a cup with her own hands. And afterwards she sang a simple song, but through her singing it became like a history, and seemed to be the outpouring of her very heart. Yes, certainly she was fond of Knud.

That was an evening of matchless delight; to sleep after it was impossible. Knud did not sleep.

At parting, Joanna's father had said "Now you won't forget us altogether? Don't let the whole winter go by without coming to see us again." And therefore he could very well go again the next Sunday, and he made up his mind to do so. But every evening when working hours were over, Knud went out through the town, and crossed into the street in which Joanna lived, and looked up at her window. One evening he saw the shadow of her face quite plainly on the curtain. That was a grand occasion for him. His master's wife did not like him gallivanting abroad every evening as she expressed it. And then she shook her head, but the master only smiled.

"He is only a young fellow," he said.

But Knud thought to himself: "On Sunday I shall see her, and I shall tell her how completely she reigns over my heart and soul, and that she must be my little wife. I know I am only a poor journeyman shoemaker, but I shall work and strive—yes, I shall tell her so. Nothing comes of silent love; I have learnt that from the gingerbread cakes."

And Sunday came round at last, and Knud sallied forth; but, unluckily, they were all invited out for that evening, and were obliged to tell him so. Joanna pressed his hand, and said—

"Have you ever been to the theatre? You must go on Wednesday. I shall sing, and if you have time on that evening I will send you a ticket. My father knows where your master lives."

How kind that was of her!

And on Wednesday, at noon, he received a sealed paper, with no words written in it. But the ticket was there, and in the evening Knud went to the theatre for the first time in his life. And what did he see?

He saw Joanna, and how charming and how beautiful she appeared!

She was certainly married to a stranger, but that was all in the play—something that was only make-believe, as Knud very well knew.

If it had been real, he thought, she never would have had the heart to send him the ticket that he might go and see it. And all the people shouted and applauded, and Knud cried out, "Hurrah!"

Even the King smiled at Joanna, and seemed to delight in her.

Ah, how small Knud felt! but then he loved her so dearly, and thought that she loved him too; but it was for the man to speak the first word, as the gingerbread maiden in the child's story had taught him. And there was a great deal for him in that story.

So soon as Sunday came he went again. He felt as if he were going into a church. Joanna was alone, and received him—nothing could have happened more fortunately.

"It is well that you are come," she said; "I had an idea of sending my father to you, only I felt a presentiment that you would be here this evening."

"I must tell you that I start for France on Friday; I must go there if I am to become an artist."

It seemed to Knud as if the whole room were whirling round and round with him. He felt as if his heart would presently burst; no tear rose to his eyes, but still it was easy to see how sorrowful he was.

"You honest, faithful soul!" she exclaimed.

And these words of hers loosened Knud's tongue. He told her how he had always loved her, and that she must become his wife. As he said this, he saw Joanna change colour and turn pale. She let his hand fall, and answered seriously and mournfully: "Knud, do not make yourself and me unhappy. I shall always be a good sister to you, but I shall never be anything more."

And she threw her white hand over his hot forehead.

At that moment the step-mother came into the room, and Joanna said quickly:

"Knud is quite inconsolable because I am going away. Come, be a man," she continued, and laid her hand upon his shoulder, and it seemed as if they had been talking of the journey and nothing else.

"You are a child," she added; "but now you must be good and reasonable, as you used to be under the willow-tree when we were children."

But Knud felt as if the whole world had slid out of its course, and his thoughts were like a loose thread fluttering to and fro in the wind. He stayed, although he could not remember whether she had asked him to stay. And she was kind and good, and poured out his tea for him, and sang for him. It had not the old tone, and yet it was wonderfully beautiful, and made his heart feel ready to burst.

And then they parted. Knud did not offer her his hand, but she took it in both hers, and said, "Surely you will shake hands with your sister at parting, old playfellow." And she smiled through the tears that had gathered in her eyes, and she repeated the word "brother"—this was certainly a consolation—and so they parted.

She smiled to Knud, and Knud wandered about the muddy streets of Copenhagen. His fellow-journeymen asked him why he went about so gloomily, and told him he should go and amuse himself with them like other young fellows.

And he went with them to the dancing-rooms. He saw many handsome girls there, but not one to compare with Joanna. And here, when he thought to forget her, she stood more vividly than ever before the eyes of his soul. The fiddles played, and the girls danced round in a circle, and he was quite startled, for it seemed to him as if he were in a place to which he ought not to have brought Joanna—for she was there with him in his heart. He went out, and ran through the streets, and passed by the house where she had dwelt, and called her by name. But all was silent and dark; dark everywhere, and empty and lonely. The world went on, and Knud pursued his solitary way unheeded.

The winter came, and the streams were frozen. Everything seemed to be preparing for a burial.

But when spring returned, and the first steamer was to start, a longing seized him to go far, far away into the world, but not to France.

So he packed his knapsack, and wandered far into the German land, from town to town, without rest or peace. When he came to the glorious old city of Nuremberg, he felt as if he could master his restless spirit. So in Nuremberg he made up his mind to remain.

Nuremberg is a wonderful old city, and looks as if it were cut out of an old picture-book. The streets seem to stretch themselves along just as they please. The houses do not like standing in regular ranks. Gables, with little towers, arabesques, and pillars start out over the pathway, and, from the strange, peaked roofs, waterspouts, formed like dragons, or great, slim dogs, extend far over the street.

Here, in the market-place, stood Knud, with his knapsack on his back.

He was leaning against one of the old fountains that are adorned with splendid bronze figures, scriptural and historical, rising up between the gushing jets of water. A pretty servant-maid was just filling her pails, and she gave Knud a refreshing draught; and as her hand was full of roses, she gave him one, and he accepted it as a good omen.

The strains of the organ were sounding from the neighbouring church; they seemed to him as familiar as the tones of the organ at home, in Kjoge, and he went into the great cathedral.

The sunlight streamed in through the stained-glass windows, between the two lofty, slender pillars. His spirit became prayerful, and peace returned to his soul.

And he sought and found a good master in Nuremberg, with whom he stayed, and in whose house he learned the German language.

The old moat round the town has been converted into a number of little kitchen gardens, but the high walls are standing yet, with their heavy towers.

The ropemaker twists his ropes on a gallery or walk, built of wood, inside the town wall, where elder bushes grow out of the clefts and cracks, spreading their green twigs over the little houses that stand below. In one of these dwelt the master for whom Knud worked, and, over the little garret window at which Knud sat, the elder waved its branches.

Here he lived through a summer and a winter, but when the spring came he could bear it no longer.

The elder was in blossom, and its fragrance reminded him so of home that he fancied himself back in the garden at Kjoge. And Knud went away from his master, and dwelt with another, farther in the town, over whose house no elder bush grew.

His new workshop was quite close to one of the old stone bridges, by a low water-mill that rushed and foamed always. Without, rolled the roaring stream, hemmed in by houses, whose decayed old gables looked ready to topple down into the water. No elder grew here—there was not even a flower pot, with its little green plant. But just opposite the workshop stood a great old willow tree, that seemed to cling fast to the house, for fear of being carried away by the water; and which stretched forth its branches over the river, just as the willow at Kjoge spread its arms across the streamlet by the gardens there.

Yes, he had certainly gone from the "Elder-mother" to the "Willow-father." The tree here had something, especially on moonlit evenings, that went straight to his heart—and that something was not in the moonlight, but in the old tree itself.

Nevertheless, he could not remain. Why not? Ask the willow tree! Ask the blooming elder!

He bade farewell to his master at Nuremberg, and journeyed onward.

PART II.

Knud spoke to none of Joanna: he hid his sorrow in his own secret heart, and he thought of the deep meaning in the old childish story of the two cakes. Now he understood why the man had a bitter almond in his breast. He himself felt the bitterness of it; and Joanna, who was always so gentle and so kind, was typified by the honey cake.

The strap of his knapsack seemed so tight across his chest that he could hardly breathe; he loosened it but felt no relief. He saw but half the world around him; the other half he carried within himself. Nor did the world appear freer to him until he came in sight of the high mountains. The Alps seemed to him as the folded wings of the earth. What if they were to unfold themselves and display their variegated pictures of black woods, foaming waters, fleecy clouds, and masses of snow.

Silently he wandered through the land that seemed to him as an orchard covered with soft turf. The girls who sat busy at their lace-making nodded to him from the wooden balconies of the houses. The peaks of the mountains glowed in the red sun of the evening, and when he saw the green lakes gleaming among the dark trees, he thought of the coast by the bay of Kjoge, with its rushing, foaming water. There was a longing in his bosom, but it was pain no more. Where the Rhine rolls onward like a great billow, and bursts, and is changed into snow-white, gleaming, cloud-like masses, there he thought of the water-mill at Kjoge, with its rushing foaming water.

Gladly would he have remained in the quiet Rhenish town, but there were too many elders and willows, and he journeyed on over the high, mighty mountains, through shattered walls of rock, and on roads that clung like swallows' nests to the mountain-side. The waters foamed in the depths, the clouds were below him, and he strode on over thistles, Alpine roses, and snow, in the warm summer sun.

He bade farewell to the lands of the North, and passed under the shade of blooming chesnut trees, and through vineyards, and fields of maize. The mountains were a wall between him and his past, and he wished it to be so. Before him lay a great glorious city which they called Milan, and here he found a German master who gave him work. His favourite pastime was to mount now and then upon the mighty marble church, which seemed to him to have been formed of the snow of his native land. From every corner, and from every point the white statues smiled down upon him. Above him was the blue sky, below him the city and the wide-spreading Lombard plains and the high mountains clad with perpetual snow towards the north.

He thought of the church at Kjoge, with its red, ivy-covered walls, but he did not long to go thither. Here, beyond the mountains, he would be buried. He had dwelt here a year, and three years had passed since he had left his home, when his master took him into the city; not to the circus, where riders exhibited, but to the opera.

There were seven storeys, from each of which beautiful silken curtains hung down, and, from the ground to the dizzy height of the roof, sat elegant ladies, with bouquets and flowers in their hands, as if they were at a ball; and the gentlemen were in full dress, and many of them decorated with gold and silver. It was as bright there as in the brilliant sunshine, and the music rolled gloriously through the building.

Everything was much more splendid than in the theatre at Copenhagen; but then Joanna had been there, and—could it be? Yes; it was like magic—she was here also; for the curtain rose, and Joanna appeared, dressed in silk and gold, with a crown upon her head. She sang as he thought none but the angels could sing, and came far forward, quite to the front of the stage, and smiled as only Joanna could smile, and looked straight down at Knud.

Poor Knud seized his master's hand, and called out aloud, "Joanna!" But no one heard but the master, who nodded his head; for the loud music sounded above everything.

"Yes, yes; her name is Joanna," said the master; and he drew forth a printed playbill, and showed Knud her name; for the full name was printed there.

No, it was not a dream! All the people applauded, and threw wreaths and flowers to her; and every time she went away they called her back, so that she was always coming and going.

In the street the people crowded round her carriage, and drew it away in triumph. Knud was in the first and foremost row, and shouted

as joyously as any. When the carriage stopped before her brilliantly-lighted house Knud stood close beside the door of the carriage. It flew open, and she stepped out. The light fell upon her dear face, as she smiled, and made a gracious gesture of thanks, and appeared deeply moved.

Knud looked straight into her eyes, and she looked into his, but she did not know him. A man, with a star glittering on his breast, gave her his arm—and the crowd whispered that the two were engaged.

Then Knud went home and packed his knapsack. He was determined to go home—home to the elder and the willow trees. Ah, under the willow tree! A whole life is sometimes lived in a single hour. The old couple begged him to remain, but no words could induce him to stay. In vain they told him that winter was coming, and pointed out that snow had already fallen in the mountains. He said he would march, with his knapsack on his back, in the wake of the slow-moving carriage for which a path would have to be cleared.

So he went away towards the mountains, and marched up them, and down them, always towards the north. His strength began to fail, but still he saw no village, no house. The stars gleamed above him, his feet stumbled, and his head grew dizzy.

Deep in the valley, the stars were shining, and it seemed as if there were another sky below him. He felt he was ill. The stars below him became more and more numerous, and gleamed brighter and brighter, and moved to and fro.

It was a little town whose lights beamed thus, and when he at last understood this, he exerted the poor remains of his strength and reached the shelter of a humble inn.

That night, and the whole of the following day he went no further, for his body required rest and refreshment. But early on the second morning a wandering musician came with a violin, and played a tune of home. Knud could rest no longer. He continued his journey towards the north, marching onward for many days with haste and hurry, as if he were trying to get home before all were dead there. But to no one did he speak of his longing, for no one would have believed in the sorrow of his heart, the deepest a human heart can feel. Such a grief is not for the world, for it is not amusing. Nor is it even for our friends. Moreover, he had no friends—a stranger, he wandered through strange lands to his home in the north.

It was evening. He was walking on the high road. The frost began to make itself felt, and the country soon became flatter, containing mere field and meadow. By the roadside grew a great willow-tree. Everything reminded him of home, and he sat down under the tree. He felt very tired; his head began to nod and his eyes closed with slumber, but still he was conscious that the tree stretched its arms above him. In his wandering fancy the tree itself appeared to be an old, mighty man—it seemed as if the "Willow-father" himself had taken up his tired son in his arms, and was carrying him back into the land of home, to the bare bleak shore of Kjöge, to the garden of his childhood.

Yes, he dreamed it was the willow tree of Kjöge that had travelled out into the world to seek him, and now had found him, and had led him back into the little garden by the little stream, and there stood Joanna, in all her splendour, with the golden crown on her head, as he had seen her last, and she called out "Welcome!" to him. And before him stood two remarkable shapes, which looked much more human than he remembered them to have been in his childhood. They had changed also, but they were still the two cakes that looked very well when their right side was turned uppermost.

"We thank you," they said to Knud. "You have loosed our tongues, and have taught us that thoughts should be spoken out freely, or nothing will come of them. And now something has really come of it—for we are betrothed."

Then they went hand-in-hand through the streets of Kjöge, and they looked entirely respectable in every way. No one could have found the least fault with them. And they went on, straight towards the church, and Knud and Joanna followed them. They were also walking hand-in-hand; and the church stood there, as it had always stood, with its red walls, on which the green ivy grew. And the great door of the church flew open, and the organ sounded, and they walked up the long aisle of the church.

"Our master first," said the cake couple; and they made room for Joanna and Knud, who knelt by the altar; and she bent her head

over him, and tears fell from her eyes, but they were icy cold, for it was the ice around her heart that was melting—melting by his strong love. And her tears fell upon his burning cheeks, and he awoke; and he was sitting under the old willow tree, in the strange land, in the cold, wintry evening. An icy hail was falling from the clouds and beating on his face.

"That was the most delicious hour of my life," he muttered, "and it was but a dream. Ah, let me dream again!" And he closed his eyes once more, and slept, and dreamed.

Towards morning there was a great fall of snow. The wind drifted the snow over him, but he slept on.

The villagers came forth to go to church, and by the roadside sat a journeyman. He was dead—frozen to death under the willow tree.

THE END.

Correspondence.

A SYMPHONY BY RICHARD WAGNER.

Sir George Grove has addressed the following letter to *The Times* :—

Sir,—An orchestral symphony by Wagner, which for more than fifty years has been lost to sight, is shortly to be publicly played in London for the first time, and I venture to think a few words on its somewhat romantic adventures during that long interval may be welcome to such of your readers as are not already in possession of the information.

The piece is in C major, and in the regulation number of four movements. It was composed in the early part of 1832, when Wagner was about completing his nineteenth year (May 22, 1832). He took the MS. with him to Prague that summer, and it was there played by the orchestra of the Conservatorium, conducted by Dionys Weber, the founder and director of that institution. On his return to Leipsic, Wagner aspired to introduce his work at the famous Gewandhaus Concerts, and was favoured with an interview by Hofrath Rochlitz, then the Jupiter of the Leipsic musical world. "When I presented myself to him," says Wagner, "the stately old gentleman raised his spectacles with the words, 'you are indeed a young man! I expected an older and an experienced composer.'" Rochlitz proposed a trial performance by the orchestra of the Euterpe, a junior institution; and a fortnight afterwards, on January 10, 1833, the symphony appeared in the programme of the Gewandhaus Concert. It was received with much applause, and favourably criticised in the musical paper of the day. In 1835, Wagner, being again in Leipsic, made the acquaintance of Mendelssohn, who had recently undertaken to conduct the Gewandhaus performances, which he raised to the commanding eminence that they so long enjoyed as the first concerts in the world. To Mendelssohn Wagner took his manuscript, and his account of the matter is sufficiently characteristic to warrant its quotation. After expressing his astonishment at the abilities of so young a master—Mendelssohn was only five years his senior—Wagner observes that he obeyed a special inward impulse in handing over the work to him, or rather forcing it upon him, with a request, not that he would look it through, but simply that he would take possession of it. "I admit," he naively adds, "that it afterwards occurred to me that he might possibly read it, and say something to me about it. Nothing of the sort. As the year advanced I often came across Mendelssohn; we saw one another, dined together, and once made music together. He assisted at an early performance of my *Flying Dutchman* in Berlin, and thought that as the opera had not actually failed, I might be satisfied with the result. He was also at a performance of *Tannhäuser* in Dresden, and told me how pleased he had been at a passage in canon in the second finale. But about the symphony not a word, and I was too wise to hazard a question on the subject." So far Wagner. Mendelssohn had probably, in the multiplicity of his engagements, forgotten all about it.

After Mendelssohn's death in 1847 no trace of the manuscript could be found, and all enquiries proved fruitless. Wagner, however, did not give up the quest; and in 1876, being in Berlin about a performance of *Tristan*, he mentioned the matter to his faithful henchman Tappert. Fresh search was made, and the result was that in

the following year a violin part turned up which proved to belong to the missing work. Ultimately the other parts were found, with the exception of two trombones, which obstinately refused to appear; but no score. However, a new score was made, and after many rehearsals a private performance was given at the Liceo Benedetto Marcello, at Venice, on Christmas Eve, 1882, Wagner conducting. It is curious that the only account of this performance should have appeared in the first number of an English print, the *Musical Review*, edited by Dr. F. Hueffer.

So far my narrative, which I have adapted from Mr. Dannreuther's article on Wagner in the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," and other sources. Of the ultimate value of the work I am not in a position to speak. Wagner may have dismissed it after its resuscitation as an "old-fashioned *ouvrage de jeunesse*," but then we know that Beethoven did the like with his Septet, and other pieces still beloved, and may take courage in the almost proverbial error in an author's judgment of his own works. At any rate, no expression of Wagner's will prevent all musical people in London from looking forward with extreme interest to the production of the new work. Certainly we may say that since the first performance of Schubert's Symphony in B minor (also lost for some forty years) at the Crystal Palace on April 6, 1867, no occasion of such interest has occurred.

I cannot close this letter without expressing my deep regret at the commercial spirit in which this interesting discovery is being treated by Wagner's representatives, who have sold the right of performance at a price so enormous as to make it almost prohibitory. Such action is a serious blow to those who, like myself, are striving to raise music in this country from the dependent position into which it has been thrown by our extreme devotion to business and politics. But how is this to be done when the maxims of the shop are thus carried into the purest of the arts by those from whom we should least expect it—by the countrymen of the great composers who have set us such bright examples of indifference to gain?

It really looks as if money were destined to reign everywhere and over everything.—Your obedient servant,

Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore, GEORGE GROVE.
October 2.

A sensible letter has been written to the same journal by Madame Marie Roze, on fires in theatres, having reference to the precautions to be taken not only for the safety of the audience but for that of the actors and actresses.

THE STORY OF "DON GIOVANNI."

M. Jules Prével writes as follows in *Le Figaro*:—"In connection with the centenary of *Don Juan*, one of our friends, who burrows among old tomes, sends us the true origin of the legend on which was based the comedy, *Le Festin de Pierre*, and afterwards the celebrated opera. A chronicle of Seville relates that Don Juan Tenorio, a member of one of the highest families of Seville, 'the Twenty-four,' as they were called, abducted the daughter of the Commandant Ulloa, and then killed her father. The Ulloa family—also one of the 'Twenty-four'—owned a chapel in the Monastery of St. Francis, where the Commandant was buried, and a monument erected in his memory. Chapel and monument were afterwards destroyed in a fire. All this while Don Juan continued his dissolute life; but his high birth protected him from the arm of the law. He, as lord and master, himself administered justice. The scandal increased so greatly that the Franciscan monks resolved to put an end to it. On some pretext they enticed Don Juan Tenorio into the monastery, all the brothers being devoted to the Ulloa family, and here by night they put him to death. Gradually his absence became noticed, and his disappearance had to be explained. Hereupon the Franciscan monks spread the report that Don Juan Tenorio, in a drunken fit, had come to insult the Commandant over his tomb, and, to punish him for this profanation and sacrilege, a miracle had been worked: the statue had seized him and drawn him down into hell."

FINSBURY CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

THE prospectus of this useful and energetic young society for the ninth season, 1887-8, has been issued. The committee con-

gratulate their friends on the marked success which has continued to attend the work of the association; and they feel confident that the attractions now presented will not only meet the approval of the present subscribers and members, but will result in a considerable accession of supporters. They have entered into an arrangement with the directors of the Holloway Hall Company which has secured the erection of a spacious and convenient orchestra. This will not only add much to the comfort of the members of the choir, but greatly enhance the efficiency of their performances. The new orchestra will enable them to increase the strength of the choir. Ladies or gentlemen desiring to become members should at once apply to the hon. secretary for the necessary information. The works to be produced this season are of the most interesting and attractive character. As heretofore, the choir will have the assistance of a professional orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Carrodus, and the list of artists engaged cannot fail to add to the reputation which the association has already achieved.

The committee gratefully acknowledge the honour done to them by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Joseph Barnby, whom they have reason to hope will attend to conduct the performance of their respective works.

It is probable that some effort will be made at the close of the season to raise the amount which must be contributed towards the cost of the new orchestra, and still further to develop the educational work of the association in Northern London. Of this full notice will be given. Meanwhile they earnestly appeal to all their friends to assist in increasing the number of their supporters, and thus to extend the benefits of the society's operations.

The season was inaugurated by a *conversazione* on September 22.

The following are the concert proposals:—November 24, Barnby's cantata, *Rebekah* (under the personal direction of the composer); and Gade's cantata, *The Crusaders*; Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; Gounod's motet, *Gallia*; Sullivan's sacred musical drama, *The Martyr of Antioch* (the committee have reason to hope that this work will be given under the direction of Sir Arthur Sullivan); Good Friday, March 30, 1888, Handel's *Messiah* will be performed. The society's excellent conductor, Mr. C. J. Dale, will again superintend the work of the season.

Music Publishers' Weekly List.

SONGS.

Angel-Land	Ciro Pinsuti	Ricordi
Cathedral Memories (with organ accompaniment ad lib)	J. Jackson	Morley
You are mine	F. N. Löhr	Pinsuti

PART-SONGS, ETC.

Fairy music, cantata for ladies' voices	F. N. Löhr	Forsyth
Welcome all within these walls (trio, with accompaniment of piano and harmonium)	G. A. Ames	L. Mus. Pub. Co.

PIANOFORTE.

Feast of the Demons	A. F. Christensen	Pohlmann, Halifax
In the Spring time (20 pieces)	Cornelius Gurliitt	Forsyth
May Pleasures

VIOLIN.

Tutor for the Violin	Siegfried Jacoby	Forsyth
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Notes and News.

LONDON.

We are informed that Sir Arthur Sullivan has resigned the conductorship of the Philharmonic Society, and that the post has been offered to Mr. Cowen, than whom a better man for the place could not be found. As to the latter part of this statement, however, we are not prepared to take any responsibility.

Mr. McLaren is one of the first to open the autumn campaign of concerts, which, in a few weeks, will rouse into activity every one connected with music. The concert given at the Brixton Hall, Acre Lane, by Mr. McLaren last Monday was as successful as it deserved to be, with such popular artists as Madame Julia Gaylord, Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr.

Redfern Hollins, Mr. Henry Pope, Mr. Betjemann, and Signor Carlo Ducci, taking part in the programme. Mr. Van den Berg played a solo on the oboe, and Miss Harriett Kendall recited Christina Rossetti's "A Royal Princess."

Mr. Walter Bache, the enthusiastic disciple of the late Abbé Liszt, will give a pianoforte recital from the works of this master at St. James's Hall on the afternoon of Saturday, Oct. 22. Mr. Bache announces it as his eighteenth season. The pieces to be performed are the Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 5, and *Armées de Pèlerinage*.

Eugene D'Albert will give a series of concerts with the Meiningen orchestra in Bavaria and elsewhere this winter, conducting his symphony, and playing the piano.

A syndicate has been formed, with Mr. J. M. Coward as business manager, to supply Sunday music for the people. The first concert will take place at Princes' Hall on the 16th inst., when "The Hymn of Praise" will be performed with full orchestra, chorus, and competent principals.

On the 1st inst., Mdlle. Teresina Tua, whom many concert-givers will remember to have heard in London, left Bremen by North German Lloyd steamer *Eider*, for New York, where she will make her first appearance at Chickering Hall, on the 17th inst. Messrs. H. Colell and William H. Thaulé, of New York, have offered the talented young artist the sum of 30,000 dollars, independent of travelling and hotel expenses, for an engagement to play at 225 concerts in the United States during two consecutive winter seasons.

Mr. D'Oyly Carte's *Mikado* Company have arranged to give a series of representations of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's opera in Holland. The company will commence its season at the Grand Theatre, Amsterdam, in the beginning of November.

PROVINCIAL

Mr. Charles Hallé has decided to continue his Grand Orchestral Concerts at Liverpool during the season of 1887-8, and will commence the series on Tuesday, Nov. 1. There will be eight concerts, the orchestra consisting of nearly a hundred performers. Among the works to be performed during the season will be Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique," Brahms's Symphony No. 2 in D major, and Schubert's C major Symphony. The following symphonies will also be heard in the course of the series for the first time at these concerts, viz.—Dvorak's No. 2 in D minor, Haydn's No. 5 in D major, Mozart's No. 5 in D, and Schumann's in D minor. The selection of overtures and miscellaneous pieces will comprise many important novelties. Madame Norman-Néruda and Herr Stavenhagen are among the solo instrumentalists secured; and the vocalists engaged include Madame Lilian Nordica, Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli, Miss Emily Winant, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley.

BIRMINGHAM, October 3.—Mr. George Fox produced his new English Original Romantic Opera, *Robert Macaire*, for the first time here at the Grand. The opera has been noticed in *The Musical World* on the occasion of its performance at the Crystal Palace. Mr. H. Sims Reeves as Charles the young lover sang with good taste, his voice is much fuller than when last we heard him on the same boards. Mr. George Marler as Dumont has but little scope for the display of his voice; his acting is always to the point. To say that Mr. Fox's impersonation of Robert Macaire is a true conception of the lawless thief and murderer would not be correct. To represent a grotesque and at the same time callous and heartless villain requires long experience. How few actors for instance know how to impersonate Mephistopheles as Goethe intended he should be. As a rule they err on the comic side, their impersonations are grotesque without being majestic. Mr. Fox possesses a good baritone voice which he knows how to use to advantage. Mr. Pew was an able and good conductor.—Our Saturday afternoon organ recitals, which consist of a mixture of vocal and organ pieces, still attract a great number of people. The town hall on Saturday last was quite full. A thousand little men and women sang some glees, and the sight of these young children filling the big orchestra to its very extent was by far more interesting than their singing. Mr. Halliley played some organ pieces in better style and with better manipulation than we have heard of late.

MANCHESTER, Oct. 4.—On Monday began the series of concerts which are the delight of lovers of good music in the neighbourhood, viz., the Gentlemen's Concerts. Mr. Charles Hallé gave a most enjoyable pianoforte recital, the pieces selected being exceptionally interesting. The programme included Weber's Sonata in A flat, which is so thoroughly characteristic of the composer, full of melody, and brighter than his other sonatas; three Preludes and Fugues of Bach's, very suitably followed by Mendelssohn's Caprice in E (Op. 33). Next came Beethoven's Sonata in E flat (Op. 81), followed by Schumann's Kinderszenen, and the programme closed with Chopin's Valse and Polonaise in A minor.—We notice with pleasure the announcement of a visit from the Carl Rosa Company, beginning next week, when the opera *Galatea* will be performed for the first time in Manchester.—At the Jubilee Exhibition the arrangements include performances by the Black Dyke Mills Band, and recitals by the well-known harpists, Mr. Aptommas and Madame Priscilla

Frost.—On Saturday last the Lyceum Company gave its farewell performance—"The Bells" and "Jingle." At the end, Mr. Henry Irving made a speech, in which he expressed his pleasure at the reception given to him, and referred to his old acquaintance with the Theatre Royal. He was glad that, amid all the alterations which had been made in Manchester, the Royal still stood, unchanged, on the same ground.—On Monday next, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will appear in "Lady Clancarty."

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—The Correctional Tribunal has charged M. Carvalho and two firemen with negligence, leading to the fatal disaster at the Opéra Comique. This result has caused some surprise, and is commented upon in another column. In case M. Carvalho still lies under the blame of the police when the time comes for opening the Opéra Comique at the Théâtre des Nations, the management will probably devolve on M. des Chapelles.—M. Victorien Joncières is now writing a grand opera on the legend of Lancelot and Guinivere. The libretto is by MM. Louis Gallet and Edouard Blau. A whole act is laid in the forest of Brocéliande. *Brocéliande* is the title of a grand opera composed by a young musician named Lambert. His libretto is by M. Alexandre. Lambert is a pupil of M. Massenet.—The parts in the Festival performance of *Don Giovanni* at the Opéra on October 29 will be sung by Mesdames Lureau, Bosman, and Adiny, and MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszke and Lassalle. The afterpiece asked by the directors of M. Armand Silvestre will be written after all by M. Henri de Bornier. The personages to speak it are Don Juan (M. Mounet-Sully), the Commandant (M. Worms), and a Muse (Madame Sarah Bernhardt or Madame Bartet). The chorus of priests from the *Flauto Magico* will be sung in this piece. On the night of the *Faust* festival, Gounod conducting, Madame Sarah Bernhardt will recite the epilogue written by M. Barbier, the author of the libretto. A chorus by eight female voices will be sung, the words written for the occasion, and the music taken from the finale of the first act of *Sapho*.—Among the Parisian singers who are secured for the Municipal Theatre at Nice are Mdlle. van Zandt, who is now in excellent health, and M. Devoyod.—Mdlle. Sigrid Arnoldson is engaged by the manager of the Monte Carlo Theatre for *Mignon* and *Lakmé*. Madame Rose Caron has been dangerously ill.—M. Lamoureux will give his classical concerts this winter at the Château d'Eau.—*Les Saturnales*, opéra-bouffe by MM. Valbrègue and Lacome, has scored only a partial success at the Nouveautés.

VIENNA.—Conradin Kreutzer's opera *Das Nachtlager in Granada*, which charmed the Viennese musical public by its delightfully fresh and characteristic melodies for the first time about fifty-three years ago and about seven years since for the last time, has been revived with complete success at the Imperial Opera. The house was crowded and the gratification afforded was genuine. Director Jahn personally conducted the work with the utmost care, and the orchestra and chorus were perfect as usual, the overture and the great violin solo, played by Herr Rosé in the second act, gaining especial applause. The tuneful part of the Prince fitted Herr Reichmann's beautiful voice and handsome presence "like a glove." Fräulein Forster (soprano), Herr Schrödter (tenor), and others gave likewise general satisfaction.—The festival performance of *Don Giovanni* ran the risk of being held without the co-operation of Herr Reichmann in the title-role as that artist announced his inability to learn the new text by Kalbeck. Since then it has been decided to sing the opera in Italian.—Edward Strauss and his band have started for a month's concert tour in Germany.—*Rikiki*, an operetta in three acts, music by Joseph Hellmesberger, Junior, has obtained a complete success at the Carl Theatre. The work is replete with taking melodies chiefly in the valse rhythm, a tuneful serenade, a septet for male voices, and a march-Finale deserving special mention. The young composer's skill in the elaboration of *ensemble* pieces is undeniable; indeed some of these have been laid out on a scale somewhat out of proportion to the character of the work, which was rendered in excellent style by Fräulein Seebold, Augustin, and Wildau, who shone both as highly accomplished vocalists and actresses; whilst Herren Steiner (tenor), Worms (bass), and the comedians Herren Knaack, Wittels, and Brakl contributed their important share to the success of the novelty, which was manifested by cordial plaudits and numerous recalls.

Fräulein Bianca Bianchi has been engaged for twenty performances partly at the opera, partly in the concert-room in Russia, on brilliant terms.

The Viennese tenor, Herr Nikolaus Rothmühl, pupil of Professor Gansbacher, has after a most successful *début* secured a highly remunerative engagement at the Berlin Opera, extending until 1894.

Fräulein Fanny Skopal, pupil of Victor Rokitansky, has had a very successful *début* as *Mignon* at Hamburg.

The Hungarian violinist, Franz Fridberg, pupil of Professor Hellmesberger, who has gained considerable fame in Scandinavia, more especially as a *bravura* player of the Paganini school, will undertake his first artistic tour in Germany, accompanied by his wife.

The celebrated tenor, Ladislaus Mierzwinski, will sing during the season in Germany, Switzerland, Scandinavia, and Italy. He has received very tempting offers from America for the season 1888-9.

The pianist, Frau Annette Essipoff, will play in Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, and Switzerland during the season.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The recent celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Conservatoire of Music was held in private, as the law forbids the Jubilee festival of an institution until it has existed forty years. It has been the occasion of a distribution of medals, diplomas, and compliments to artists, at home and abroad. Brahms, Saint-Saëns, Joachim, Henselt, and Von Bülow have been elected honorary members of the Conservatoire.

M. Godard's new opera, *Jocelyn*, will be given this season at Brussels. *Mignon*, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, has been attracting large audiences, Mdle. Haussmann in the title-rôle and Mdle. Storell as Philine making the most of their parts, and scoring a great success. The orchestra sounds very loud this season, as if the empty space left for the movable platform formed a too resonant sounding-box.

COLOGNE.—The Gürzenich Concerts promise to be of remarkable interest this winter. At the first concert, Brahms's latest work, Grand Trio with Orchestra, will be performed by the composer (piano), Herr Joachim (violin), and Herr Hausmann (cello). At the second concert, Wagner's early Symphony will be given, and Berlioz's *Requiem*. All honour to the director, Franz Wüllner, whose energy and influence keep up the high character of the Gürzenich Concerts. Herr Götze has recovered his health and his voice, and has reappeared in *Lohengrin*.

At the Leipsic Municipal Theatre, a new operetta, *Der Ducatenprinz*, by Triebel, and a parody on Sullivan's *The Mikado*, entitled *Der Miskado*, by Dr. Baier, have been produced with great success; *Der Miskado* especially caused much merriment.—The Liszt Society contemplate giving a grand concert on Liszt's birthday, under Herr Nikisch's direction.—Messrs. Kahnt, of Leipsic, have published a cheap edition of Liszt's songs, at the price of twelve marks for the complete set of fifty-seven.—The *Nibelungen* Cylus will be held on Oct. 15, 16, 18, and 21.

The Nibelungen Cylus has attracted large audiences to the Dresden Court Theatre. Frau Malten (Brünnhilde) and Herr Gudehus, as Siegmund and Siegfried, won special praise. Herr Schuch conducted.—New Symphonies by Kaufmann, Goldmark, and Drasecke, will be produced at this season's Subscription Concerts.

At the Stuttgart Court Theatre, Halévy's *Der Blitz* has been revived. Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* is in active preparation, and will ere long be performed for the first time in Stuttgart, under Dr. Klengel's direction.

Our contemporary, *Le Guide Musical*, gives expression to a hope that the performances of *Die Meistersinger* at next year's Bayreuth Festival may be conducted by Hans Richter, "who knows fundamentally every shade of Wagner's meaning."

The novelties at the Mannheim Opera will be Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, and Langer's *Murillo*. A Wagner Festival has been held at Mannheim, on the occasion of the unveiling of a marble bust of the master in a niche of Herr Heckel's new house. In Cologne a house in one of the fine new streets has been decorated with a bust (heroic size) of Wagner.

Le Guide Musical quotes an extract from Max von Weber's biography of his father, in which he notes that *Don Giovanni* was hissed on its first performance at Frankfurt.

Smetana's *Valevor* and Massenet's *Cid* will be produced this season at Hamburg.

Hans von Bülow, as extra-ordinary conductor of the Hamburg opera, has revived Spohr's *Jessonda* and Bizet's *Pearl-Fishers*. The performances, it is needless to say went magnificently, and excited much enthusiasm.

At Baden-Baden much enthusiasm has been aroused by the magnificent playing of Herr Stavenhagen at the Festival Concert. The critic, Herr R. Pohl, mentions the *virtuoso* in the highest terms, and especially commends his rendering of Liszt's A major Concerto.—A good performance of Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini* has been given under Herr Mottl's direction.

BERLIN.—Paul Ellise has made a good impression in her two concerts given here.—The Italian composer and pianist, Sgambati, is engaged to play at one of the Philharmonic concerts under Hans von Bülow. Dairdoff, the Russian violoncellist, will also play in the course of the season. The Berlin Wagner Society have arranged to produce Wagner's Symphony in C on October 31.

Goldmark's *Mertin* has been very favourably received at Budapest, Frau Lilli Lehmann in the cast. The composer was repeatedly called for by the audience.

At Copenhagen, a setting of Geibel's *Loreley*, by Fr. Pacius, is to be produced this season.

Walter Damrosch, the conductor of the New York Symphony Society, is going in strongly this season for modern music, and deserves the highest praise for this progressive spirit. Among the novelties to be produced during the winter are the following works by living composers, which have not been heard before in this country:—Eugene d'Albert's First Symphony; Second Symphony, by Giovanni Sgambati; Irish Symphony, by C. Villiers Stanford; a terzetto, by Dvorak; Edmond Lalo's "Namouna," and Frederick Smetana's "Comedy-Overture."—*Freund's Music and Drama*.

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